

could. You say you are weakness, but God says, "Strength is made perfect in weakness," and "when I am weak then I am strong."

"Our best, O children, the best of us all
Must hide our faces away,
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look,
At our task at the close of the day,
But for strength from above—'tis the Master's
plan,
We'll pray—and then do the best that we can.

Blessed is that man to whom the Lord shall say, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Let him ask no other blessedness.

Auburn, Ill.

Home Circle.

THE BETTER PRAYER.

BY SUSAN COOLRIDGE.

When I sit and think of heaven so beautiful and dear,
Think of the sweet peace reigning there and the contentions here,
Think of the safe, sure justice beside the earthly wrong,
And set our ringing discords against celestial song,
And all the full securities beside "O Lord, how long?"
Oh, then I long to be there, and in my heart I pray,
"Lord, open thou the pearly gates, and let me in to-day."

And then I turn to earth again, and in my thoughts I see
The small, unnoted corner given in charge to me,
The work that needs be done there which no one else will do,
The briars that rend, the tares that spring, the heartease choked with rue,
The plants that must be trained and set to catch the sun and dew;
And there seems so much to do there, that in my heart I pray,
"Lord, shut thy gate, and call me not, and let me work today."

HELP THE CHILDREN TO LOVE HOME.

Home ought to be to a child the dearest, sweetest place on earth. Its hallowed influences ought so to captivate the child's heart that it would there find its purest and sweetest joys. And as the children grow older the home influence, sacred and God-like, ought to bind them all the stronger.

To the home they ought to turn with joy, because there is father, he who toiled to provide for them in their helplessness, and whose warm, loving heart still clings to them and is intensely interested in their welfare and happiness. Because there is mother, the dear, loving, self-sacrificing mother, who fed them when hungry, nursed and watched over them when sick, taught them to walk and talk, rejoiced with them over their little successes and joys, and soothed their aching hearts with kind words and gentle songs when they

were smitten with sorrow and pain. Ah, mother, mother! How that name thrills the soul and awakens remembrances of unspeakable kindness rendered to some of us in the years that are long past.

Father, mother, make your home the dearest place on earth to your children. Gather them about you in the evening. Listen to them patiently as they narrate the little adventures of the day. Take them into your confidence, and teach them to take you into their confidence in turn. Do not send them into the street just to get them out of your way. The parents who do such an unnatural, cruel thing to their children usually find, to their sorrow, that their boys do very soon and effectually get out of their way. But where do they get to? To the saloons, the billiard halls, to questionable resorts, and finally to ruin. How many parents have seen this truth verified, to their unutterable sorrow, when it was too late to undo the awful consequences of sending their children into the street, or over to play with their neighbors' children, just to get them out of the way! It is an unfailing rule, and always works like a charm.—*Religious Telescope.*

"HELP A LITTLE."

The parents of little Willie were not Christians. They were respectable. His mother taught him the Lord's Prayer. She also taught him the appropriate little verse to say as he retired for the night:

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"

Then the boy would repeat after his mother:

"God bless papa."

"God bless mamma."

"God bless Willie and make me a good little boy."

One evening, as he was kissing his mother good-night, he looked up into her face and said:

"Does you pray, mamma?"

"No, darling."

"Does papa pray?"

"I never heard him pray."

"Why does you make me pray?"

"That you may be good."

"Don't you want to be good, mamma?"

"Oh, yes; I want to be good."

"Then why don't you pray, and papa pray?"

"We've gotten out of the spirit, I guess."

"Well, mamma, maybe God will hear my prayer. But don't you think you and papa are expecting too much of little fellow like me? Do you believe that God wants me to do all the praying for this whole family? Seems to me you and papa might help me a little."

Those words sank deep into the mother's heart, and it was not long before the house was a house of prayer unto the living God.—*Christian Tribune.*

WITHOUT A GOD.

Two little girls were talking together. One of them said something about God.

"There isn't any God," said the other. "My papa says so, and he knows."

"But there is," said her companion. "My papa says there is, and he knows. But"—after thinking a moment—"maybe your papa hasn't got a God, and that's why he thinks there isn't any."

Then she went on to tell the other about her papa's God.

"That's nice," said the little girl whose father said there was no God. "I wish"—very thoughtfully—"my papa had a God."

Her father—the man who had no God—heard the conversation between the children, and he began to think the matter over as never before. Without a God! He felt alone in the world, and friendless, when the full meaning of the words struck home to him. Had he been mistaken? Was there a God, after all? Night and day he thought about it. "I am in the dark," he cried. "If there is light, let me find it." And he did find it.

The other day he heard his little girl say to her friend: "Oh, I'm so glad! My papa's got a God, too, now!" and he thanked the God he had found for the childish words that set him to thinking what a terrible thing it is to be a man without a God.—*Eben E. Rexford.*

THE MAN TO BE.

Stop and think a moment just what sort of a man could do the most good in the community in which you live, among the people with whom you associate. Picture him in your mind with distinct, careful lines. Decide what he must be—genial, warm-hearted, generous, cordial, sincere, possessed of a hearty laugh, a keen appreciation of a good joke, and yet earnest, helpful and unselfish. Decide what he might do, and still keep the respect of all, what he might not do, and what he must do. Decide in just what work in your neighborhood such an ideal man is most needed. How in his everyday intercourse with other men he could do them the best service; picture to yourself how such a genial, wholesome man would cheer and encourage toiling men, how he could give a helping hand to many of whom you know. Such a man is needed in almost every community. Picture just what such a man might accomplish in your own, then—be that man!—*Hattie Louise Jerome.*

"Humility is, all of all graces the chiefest when it does not know itself to be a grace at all."